

Wonder if Prince Harry has got his whiskers yet.

Possibly the man who went crazy over ping pong didn't have far to go.

Most every woman listens for the silver rattle when she walks past another woman.

War is not only what General Sherman said it was, but it is expensive. Is it not, J. D.?

It must be a hard heart that feels anything but sympathy for the poor little boy King of Spain.

The contention that after all Kansas City girls have the biggest feet is hotly resented by Chicago.

Iowa need not think it at all necessary to compete with Texas as a state of early spring carnades.

Mr. Edison very kindly informs the other inventors just how he would build an airship if he had time.

The real "sporty" person is perhaps the man who has a ping-pong table, a golf-stick and a baseball eye.

The Western railroad that carried cattle for 100 hours without food or water deserved to be fined more than \$100.

David Robinson, a gifted Boston bookbinder, is to be sent to Paris to study music. He hopes to shine in a new field.

Women seem to make pretty good lawyers. Two of them have sued a wealthy woman client for bills of over \$9,000 each.

The next war of any consequence, according to the scientists, will be between the San Jose scale and the Chinese lady bug.

It would be a good idea to have the cruiser Chicago do its sailing in waters where the police understand the language of its tars.

A coal strike in the summer would not be so bad if we were not reasonably sure that we will need to burn some anthracite next winter.

The golden calf was a cheap article in comparison with what the ordinary carcass of a calf is likely to be if things don't change for the better soon.

One of the popular romance writers has undertaken the difficult task of converting Aaron Burr into a dignified, law-abiding and peace-loving patriot.

A Louisville court has awarded a woman one cent for a hug that was administered against her will. The supply must exceed the demand in Kentucky.

Madam Calve says her voice cannot stand our climate. And yet, with all due regard to the lady, we really must decline to enter into any agreement to change it.

Russell Sage thinks some men are not fit to have money. That is why Uncle Russell has devoted his whole life to the benevolent work of taking it away from them.

There is something wrong in the adjustment of things if it is true, as reported, that enough food is wanted in Argentina annually to feed a dozen starving Russian provinces.

King Edward will distribute 40,000 medals during the coronation exercises. This will make them so common that the barbers can afford to throw one in with every shave and haircut.

Now it is Germany that fears it cannot stand for American jockeys because they put new ideas into the heads of the stable owners. Europe finds that the American jockey is an acquired taste.

The valued Baltimore American says: "The snake stories have started well. They average six feet in length and are all as thick as a man's wrist." At that rate they may be called nonretards.

The best trout alleges that its sales have fallen off 7 per cent. But it need not expect the public to pass around the hat and take up a collection for it. Our sympathies are not to be played upon.

The San Jose scale is to be met, charged, and conquered by Chinese ladybugs imported for this purpose. When we find it necessary to exterminate the Chinese ladybugs, we will import something from Japan.

The coronation ceremonies of England's king are going to prove a severe hardship for the peasants. These poor, hard-worked women will have to get up long before daylight in order to be dressed in time for the ceremonies.

The opera nightingales who are now leaving our shores, declaring they will never return, seem to be already reconsidering their unalterable determination. There is too strong a natural affinity between their silver throats and our golden notes to be resisted.

An Ohio college president died of grief because the students did not like him. What a dropping off of college presidents there would be if that complaint became generally fatal.

New Jersey has made a large appropriation to exterminate mosquitoes. It is to be hoped that enough of it will leak through to reach the right spot.

Reports from abroad say Morgan, J. Pierpont, of course, is trying to "corner" Scottish coal. He doubtless wants to make it warm for somebody.

St. Louis expert, while admitting the growth of horningblowing in men by women in the vicinity, argues at great length that it is not an insanity. All right. Call it a habit.

Not much stock will be taken in the theory that Cecil Rhodes was insane. The general impression of Cecil is that he usually had his wits about him.

If a lion in a jungle will jump twenty-five or thirty feet from a standing start, now far will a man in the same jungle jump at the same time?

# A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Mallow," "The Spider's Web," "Miss Caprice," "Dr. Jack's Widow," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER V.  
The Game Grows Warmer.  
Out of the frying pan into the fire. Charlie had just taken leave of the professor's wife, and had not made two turns from the little parlor ere he was directly up against the enemy. There stood the professor, glaring at him like a wild beast.

"Will you again deny the truth, villain?" he said, endeavoring to calm himself lest he lose his voice. Charlie surveyed him with amusement. "Yes; this time, I confess, it was your charming wife whom I have just left. Do you know that two women, your wife and her cousin, Hildegarde, have played a very neat little game upon you?"

"What? She and Hildegarde—upon me? Pray, with what object?" "To arouse your jealousy; to make you realize how dear to your heart this same wife is; to take you out of your wits and induce you to devote a fair part of your time to the woman who has given up her life to you."

The professor seemed stunned. "Man, can this be true?" he gasped. "As heaven itself, she is in yonder. Go and learn for yourself. You will receive a warm welcome. Forgive as you wish to be forgiven, professor."

"Sir, a thousand pardons. Our duel, then, is off. Oh, what an ass I have been!" And Charlie quite agreed with him. "So ends the scene in the drama. Now for another which may not have quite so pleasant a finale," muttered Stuart.

Again he bore down upon the functionary who kept watch and ward over the books. When he had cornered the clerk he made his request known, and a messenger was sent to find the countess and request her presence in a nearby boudoir.

Minutes passed. Still no one came to summon him. Tired of waiting he walked directly to the door of the little parlor and stepped inside.

Involuntarily a groan welled up from his heart. He had entered this room to meet the countess, that charmer of men, who played with ambassadors and princes as though they were pawns upon a chessboard, and now he had found—Arlene Brand!

There she stood before him, more beautiful than even his ardent recollection had painted her, a smile of welcome dimpling her cheeks, the azure eyes glowing with pleasure.

Yes, it was Arlene Brand. Ye gods! if she and the countess were indeed one, he could readily comprehend how men were ready to give up honor and fortune for the hope of her love and favor.

Almost a minute they stood thus, each evidently busy with a train of thought. Arlene was the first to recover.

She dropped the curtains and advanced toward him. "Ah! you have come, Mr. Stuart," she said. He took her hand and pressed it. Boldness was returning it seemed.

"Yes, I promised, you know; and, though I daren't I have known of faults, at least my way is as good as my bond. Pray be seated," offering her a chair.

He was quite himself now, and that meant a wide-awake, ingenious young man, ready to meet and wrestle with difficulties as they arose.

Just opposite to her he sat down. It was, at least, a rare pleasure to be so near her in this confidential mood. The delicate, violet odor that permeated her rustling garments was like a breath of spring, and the magnetism of her presence almost intoxicated him.

You have been wondering what astonishing chain of circumstances brought a girl like me into such a miserable place as that underground dungeon?" turning toward the door with a glance that did not escape the eye of Charlie Stuart.

"Well, yes, to some extent; but it was not alone the desire to hear your promised story that brought me here, in spite of warnings from the baron."

He watched, but by no telltale peep-hole or start did he betray the fact that she knew to whom he referred by "the baron."

"What other reason could influence you?" she asked, a little eagerly. "The natural desire to meet you again. That wasn't wrong—you don't blame me, do you?"

"Perhaps I should not—you have already been so good a friend; but if acquaintance with me is to bring disaster or even danger to you, it might be better if you forgot me."

He detected a plaintive little note in this, and his chivalrous spirit was up in arms at once.

"I am not in the habit of deserting any one who is my friend because, perchance, it may mean trouble or even danger to me to continue my acquaintance."

Seemed deeply affected by his words. "You overwhelm me with kindness, Mr. Stuart."

"Nonsense. The favor is just the other way. It is a rare pleasure for me to serve you."

Then the maid looked up. Her eyes were sparkling with real tears, but Charlie's haste to assure her of his positive belief in her innocence of the charge had brought a smile to her face.

"It is a dreadful even to be taken for such a notorious woman, don't you think? But perhaps I should look at it reasonably, and believe the baron has made an excusable blunder. Really, some of the garçons here in the hotel have addressed me as countess, and I have been puzzled to account for it until now, so we must look alike."

A desecrated little English house, and she a clever, designing Russian diplomat.

Charlie nodded, eagerly. "What she said seemed so very reasonable, and she took it much better than he expected."

But he could easily discover that Arlene was not wholly at her ease. Presently she cast quick glances in the direction of the door.

This fact had come to his attention some time back; but Charlie did not find the least reason to suspect that the baron had sought to do with it.

She seemed to hesitate, perhaps hardly knowing just how to begin her story.

"Allow me to remark, in the beginning," said Charlie, "that while I am ready and anxious to serve you, and stand ready to do all that may become a man—if there is any reason why you should wish to keep these things secret, I will try to help you, even while groping in complete ignorance."

"Oh, no," she answered quickly; "it is not that. You are entitled to the fullest confidence. I was only endeavoring to collect my thoughts so that I might know just how to begin. And, besides, I have a natural feeling of shame, because the person who has, I sadly fear, been plotting in secret against me, is one who should be my best friend upon earth—my father!"

Young though she was, this beautiful girl had known what it was to sup with poverty, to be left alone and friendless in the world and to meet with the most unexpected and glorious fortune.

Her story, even when briefly told, was a series of dramatic surprises, such as are well fitted for the stage, yet occur so seldom in real life.

She barely mentioned her earlier years, save to tell how her father, a sea captain, had been lost as it was believed, at sea; and with her mother she had fought the grim wolf in London, sewing, as such people of refinement reduced to poverty must do, in order to earn bread.

Then came her mother's death, followed by her bitter fight against the world, and especially the persecution of a dashing gentleman, who seemed determined that she should marry him, no matter if dislike and disgust took the part of love in her breast.

Then the wonderful freak of fortune that brought Arlene in contact with an eccentric old aunt who was exceedingly wealthy.

It was the old story—Arlene's mother had married beneath her, and from that hour had been as dead to her relatives; but when a kind Providence threw the forlorn young girl under the high-stepping carriage horses of the dowager Lady Wallis, and she later on discovered that this lovely creature was her own flesh and blood, a sudden love for the girl sprang up in her withered old heart, which resulted in her adopting this niece as her sole heiress.

Two years later Arlene was bereft of her eccentric, but kind relative, and found herself once more alone in the world, this time possessed of a most bountiful fortune.

Then it was, with the abruptness of a cannon shot, Captain Brand appeared upon the scene.

He had a thrilling story to tell of his vessel's foundering in a gale off the African coast, his narrow escape from drowning, of being cast ashore, found by wandering Arabs, taken into captivity, sold some years later to a tribe of the Great Sahara, so that he finally drifted to Dahomey where, through the assistance of the faithful woman he had been forced to marry, he eventually made a bold and successful escape though his companion gave up her life in throwing herself in front of a spear that was meant for him.

Arlene accepted it all as gospel truth, and would have at the time believed even a much more miraculous series of adventures could such have been by any means invented by this modern Munchausen.

This was before she knew Captain Brand so well.

She spent money with a liberal hand. He was enabled to indulge his love for fine clothes to its full bent. He smoked the finest cigars, drank the most expensive liquors, and she feared he frequently indulged in gaming.

Thus a year went by. Captain Brand had ceased to beg for money. He demanded it as his right, and in sums so large that Arlene was growing alarmed.

He had tried to influence her to make her will leaving all her wealth to him; something might happen to her, though Heaven forbid, and she would not like to think of the great property going to strangers while her poor papa was left unprotected for.

Arlene refused to do as he requested, something within warning her against it.

Some time after the dreadful suspicion had flashed into her brain that Captain Brand was having a will forged to suit his ideas governing the case.

Even then she had not realized what this might portend. How should an innocent, trusting young girl distrust of bestowing all reasonable benefits upon the man she had come to believe was her father—how should she suspect that this ungrateful man could conspire with unprincipled confederates to actually take her life, yet by such means as would make it seem a cruel accident?

While in Antwerp he had professed a deep desire to visit the dungeons of the Steen, and yet always made it appear as though she were the one most interested in the abode of ghastly memories.

An expedition was accordingly planned.

Arlene never could tell just how it came about, but she remembered Captain Brand's enthusiasm in leading her deeper into the recesses, and how he

## ROCHAMBEAU STATUE AT WASHINGTON

President Roosevelt and Loubet of France.—Statue of the Great French Soldier Who Aided the Colonies in Their Fight for Independence.



Rochambeau Statue Unveiled at Washington, May 24.

### DRUNKER'S NIECE ON THE STAGE

Mrs. Daisy Morgan Has Declined to Enter Vaudeville.

Richard Croker's niece, Mrs. Daisy Morgan, will go on the vaudeville stage.

Mrs. Morgan has adopted the stage name of Daisy Westwood, which was Mr. Croker's mother's maiden name.

She will open in a vaudeville sketch entitled "The Last Lesson."

Mrs. Morgan is 25 years old, and is of very attractive appearance. She is Mr. Croker's favorite niece. Her mother's name was Honore Victoria Croker.

Her first attempt at anything in the dramatic line was last November, when she had a small part with the Baker stock company that appeared for a week in the Criterion-theater, Brooklyn.

She is a clever violinist, and will play a solo in the sketch.

A Yankee Amazon.

The memory of Deborah Sampson Jannett, the woman soldier in the revolutionary war who fought under the name of Robert Shurtliff, was honored lately at a banquet at Sharon, Mass., where she lived more than forty years. Her body lies at Rockledge cemetery in that town.

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED

Ladies Calling on President Roosevelt.

He Had Reason to Be Pleased.

"Just send in your cards," said a well-known army officer to two New York state women who were wondering how they could arrange "just to shake hands with the president."

The advice was followed next day, and much to their surprise and delight they were at once shown into the reception room where the president was busily engaged in refusing the request of a prominent senator who had called on the ever-present and everlasting topic of offices.

"Very sorry, senator, but this is impossible; I cannot do it," the president was heard to say.

"Please think it over, Mr. President," said the senator, "and I shall call again to-morrow."

"Absolutely final. I cannot do it. I cannot do it,"

"My," said one lady to the other, "but wouldn't we better be going? That man is a senator and we don't know what may happen."

The next moment the president was shaking hands with both.

"I am delighted to see you, delighted," said he.

"Well, you ought to be," said one of the women, recovering from the whirlwind of cordiality.

The president looked embarrassed. "We don't want anything, you know."

### TO COMMAND CANADIAN MILITIA

Appointment of the Earl of Dunsdon.

Major-General the Earl of Dunsdon, C. B., M. V. O., has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia.

Lord Dunsdon had already done good service with the Cavalry Corps on the Nile in 1884-85 before he went out as an ex-commanding officer of Life Guards, to South Africa.

His services as the leader of a mixed cavalry brigade in front of Ladysmith are sufficiently recent and familiar to need no recapitulation, and it is universally admitted that when he goes to Canada in June as the general officer commanding the Dominion he will be the right man in the right place.

He is a warm believer in the citizen soldier, and as a dashing leader

much about it that never found its way into print. It was his opinion that the fire would have been confined to a tract two blocks wide from the starting point to the lake had not the manager of the gas works at Market and Adams street turned the gas into the sewers to avoid an explosion.

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## THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

DEATH OF VETERAN FIRE CHIEF

Robert A. Williams, chief of the Chicago fire department, died at the time of the great fire in 1871, died in that city after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. Williams was proud of the fact that he had never missed an important fire in Chicago for more than fifty years. Even during the last few years, when he was employed in the county treasurer's office, he would slip out whenever he heard of a bad blaze.

Directing the department at the time of the big fire, his report is among the records of the Chicago Historical society. He was able to tell



Robert A. Williams, chief of the Chicago fire department.

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## AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

HE WAS BY LINCOLN'S DEATH

Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, who was in attendance on President Lincoln at Lexington, Ky., recently was a man of varied experiences both as a physician and a citizen. Dr. Todd was in attendance on President Lincoln



Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, who was in attendance on President Lincoln at Lexington, Ky., recently was a man of varied experiences both as a physician and a citizen. Dr. Todd was in attendance on President Lincoln

Ford's Theater when he received his fatal wound by John Wilkes Booth and at his bedside when death came.

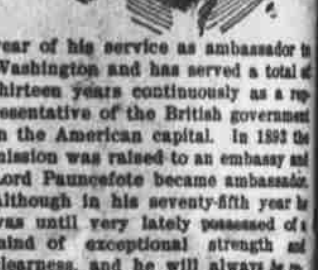
The aged people of his city and county have been looked after by him for many years, he forming what is termed the Century Club, and on persons over ninety years old he called weekly and sent flowers and delicacies. At one time there were as many as fifteen of these persons at Lexington and he was very proud of his club.

PAUNCEFOTE HAS NOT RESIGNED

British Ambassador at Washington.

In Charge of Affairs.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, who was correctly reported as having resigned from the British embassy, has been severely ill for some time, and it is believed that his recent change in the worse started the story in London. Lord Pauncefote is now in the tank.



year of his service as ambassador in Washington and has served a total of thirteen years continuously as a representative of the British government in the American capital. In 1883 the mission was raised to an embassy and Lord Pauncefote became ambassador. Although in his seventy-fifth year he was until very lately possessed of mind of exceptional strength and clearness, and he will always be regarded as one of the great masters of diplomacy of the nineteenth century.

HAS INTRODUCED NEW FARM

Slaves of Former Vice-President Morton.

Originates a Fad.

Miss Alice Morton, who has just created a mild sensation by introducing



into Chicago the new feminine fashion of carrying a cane, is the niece of Levi F. Morton, who was formerly Vice-President of the United States.

This cane, or stick, to use the proper term, has a crooked head, around which a silver snake with emerald eyes gently twines itself.

When They Thought of Him.

The late John P. Algeid was fond of telling this story, although it was one on himself. At the time he was governor of Illinois some distant relative of his was in an eastern state called upon him. With his usual facility, he did all he could to make their sojourn with him very agreeable. Some time later his friends